

# Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXII.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1885.

NUMBER 4.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
86 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. FAIRBANK, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WOOD, Publisher.

For all stations preachers in the Methodist  
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their  
locality.

For all other subscribers, \$1.50 per year. All  
other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

### THE FUTURE.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

What is the future? Tell me, mother,

Is it a dream

That God has given just to cheer us on,

With sunlit gleams?

Or is it like the shadow of yon hill,

Mysterious, dead;

Or like the awful dread that once I saw

Wreathed round the dead?

Oh, to-day the butterflies flit and dance

Across the slopes

On summer trees are no faded leaves

No withered hopes

Have e'er fallen to cloud my gladness path

Of youth and love;

The sunshine has ever been golden, sweet,

Blue skies above.

You call it a cold, hard world, mother,

Darkened by sin;

With a blight like a cancer on its bloom,

Eating within.

You say the sun must set on life's fair morn,

And shadows creep

Athwart the sunshine, and that hope and love

Will fade and sleep.

The laughter that to-day is ringing clear,

Hushed by slow fears;

The eyes that sparkle with glad merriment,

Dulled by quick tears;

The hair that glows like golden in the sun,

Faded and gray—

Is this the future that I have to meet?

Say, mother, say!

Must I live on to count lost hopes and see

Each joy depart?

Must I walk out in mocking sunshine with

A shadowed heart?

Will the glad spring of youth by jar and fret

Be worn away?

If so, the future, mother, is to me

A slow decay.

### PRAYER AND HEALING.

BY PROF. L. T. TOWNSEND.

[Read before the Boston Preachers' Meeting,  
Oct. 27, and published by request.]

SEVENTH PAPER.

Though President Garfield died, Christian

people are to pray none the less for

the restoration of the sick.

1. Because the praying instincts men

prompt them to pray for things desired.

As to these instincts there is no ground

for discussion. They everywhere exist;

they always have existed. Nor is there

any question as to their profound sig-

nificance. Much, too, is involved. For

a praying nature implies a being to

pray to; a praying nature and a being

to pray to make prayer, when the soul

is filled with strong desires, one of the

most reasonable of human acts; and

what desires are stronger than those of

parents for the restoration of their chil-

dren from physical or spiritual ailments?

under the most solemn moral obliga-

tions, to answer prayer when its essen-

tial conditions are complied with, and

when the answer, all things considered,

is best. In every case, however, the

final decision as to what is best must

be left with Him.

And furthermore, from the nature of

the case, especially from the strength

of our desires and the narrowness of

our vision, this confidence and faith

often have been, and will doubtless

be, tested apparently to the utmost.

The unanswered prayers for the

recovery of President Garfield should

not, therefore, be thought exceptional.

The Bible, though most urgent in en-

joining the duty of prayer, commend-

ing it or referring to it in no fewer than

seventeen hundred instances, still with-

out the least reserve places before its

readers cases in which prayers, that

one might think could, or even ought

to, have been answered, were denied.

How natural, for instance, it is to ask,

"Why did not the infinite and compas-

sionate Father pity the broken-hearted

David, King of Israel, when agonizing,

fasting and praying for the recovery

of his innocent sick child?" (2 Sam. 12:

15-23.) The child died, however, and

seemingly just as soon as if no prayer

had been offered.

Under the New Testament dispensa-

tion, too, there are striking instances

of unanswered prayers. Says the Ap-

ostle Paul, afflicted with some sort of

physical infirmity, "For this thing I

besought the Lord thrice that it might

depart from me" (2 Cor. 12: 8). One

might think that this thrice-repeated

prayer of a good and great apostle

should have been answered without de-

lay, and that the Lord should have

found some other means by which to

curb the apostle's exaltations. But his

prayer was not answered, at least in the

way desired.

And too, what greater surprise among

men is, than that in the garden the

well-beloved Son pleaded in vain into

the ear of heaven? The record of that

unanswered prayer is almost tragic:

"And they came to a place which was

named Gethsemane; and he saith to his

disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray.

And he taketh with him Peter, and

James, and John, and began to be sore

amazed, and to be very heavy. And

saith unto them, My soul is exceeding

sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here,

and watch. And he went forward a

little, and fell on the ground, and prayed

that, if it were possible, the hour might

pass from him. And he said, Abba

Father, all things are possible unto

Thee; take away this cup from me;

nevertheless, not what I will, but what

Thou wilt. And being in an agony, he

prayed more earnestly, and his sweat

became like great drops of blood

falling down to the ground" (Mark 14:

32-36, 44). That specific prayer was

not answered; the cup did not pass

from the Son of God.

If, therefore, the prayer of the psalm-

ist of Israel and that of Paul, the ap-

ostle to the Gentiles, were not answered,

and especially if the humanity of our

Lord was left during a season of mid-

night darkness to pray for what was

not best, and what could not be granted,

it is strange that Christian people, too,

are sometimes left to pray for what

God sees would be harmful, and there-

fore, does not grant? May not our in-

terest desires and imperfect vision leave

us, perchance, to ask, betimes, for a

deadly white scorpion when we mean

an egg; for a stone, when we mean

a loaf of bread; and for a serpent, when

we mean a fish? Who has not, more

than once in a lifetime, had occasion

for thanksgiving that the all-wise

Father withheld things harmful—the

scorpion, stone and serpent—though

most earnestly prayed for?

If our faith abides, we shall doubt-

less be permitted some time to under-

stand why many of our prayers, even

for the sick, could not, in wisdom, be

answered. David will some time, if he

does not already, know why it was best

that the sick child should die, though

most earnestly prayed for; perhaps

some reasons have already suggested

themselves to every student of David's

history. Paul was permitted, before he

left the earth, to understand that the

best answer to his prayer was not to

answer it in the specific form desired.

The words, "And He said unto me,

My grace is sufficient for thee;" . . .

"Most gladly, therefore, will I rather

glory in my infirmities, that the power

of Christ may rest upon me" (2 Cor. 12:

9), show that the apostle's vision had

cleared and his faith had triumphed.

And, according to our evangelical view,

deplorable for the world would have

been such an answer to the prayer of

our Lord as would have removed the

cup pressed to His lips. Though the

agony in the garden, such as no other

being has known, or can know, well

nigh crazed the mortal brain of Chris-

t, yet to-day no being in the universe

rejoices more than He that the cup, in-

stead of being removed, was by Him

drained of its bitterest dregs.

It hardly need be added, therefore,

that the time will come when much that

seems troublesome in the fact that Pres-

ident Garfield was permitted to die,

though a world had knelt at the throne

of grace for his recovery, will be made

plain. Indeed, our vision as to the

ways and wisdom of God in this par-

ticular case, as the months have rolled

away, has already cleared somewhat;

## WORK FOR GOD ESSENTIAL TO A LIFE OF FAITH.

BY REV. A. ATWOOD.

None will do much good or sacrifice

much, unless their hearts are free to it.

Nature reluctantly. But when Christ

dills the soul, there is an impelling in-

fluence. To resist this impulse is to ob-

scure faith. To seek the praise of men,

is to utterly quench it. A mother's

love for her child is the strongest im-

pulse, compelling duty. Fullness of

love, imparted by the Holy Spirit, has

a similar impelling power. The world

will never be reached and saved until

this divine impulse is felt by Christians

generally. Christ went about doing

good. So must His followers.

With a rich unction from Christ dill-

ing his soul, the minister loves his pul-

pit. He looks over his congregation

tenderly, and believes that the Spirit is

working with, and drawing all toward

Christ. He is only a co-worker with

God in leading men, women and children

into the right way of the Lord. He is

always full of his theme, and ready to

preach, exhort or pray, after the timor-

ous feeling attending every beginner is

worn off, and his full Christian manhood

has come. If he walks in the light, and

communes with God and unseen things,

his work is pleasant, every part of it.

In this I speak from experience princi-

pally.

But with both ministers and laymen

and women, all depends on faith in God.

This, of course, must be included, must

lie in the heart, or there is enjoyment

in no moral and spiritual work. With

Christ dilling the heart, no work is hard;

without Him, nothing is easy. There is

a luxury in preaching, prayer, and songs

of praise, if the heart be right with

God. To climb up a devious, dark stair-

way may be troublesome; but on enter-

ing the room where humanity lies suffer-

ing, to adjust the pillow, to sit down

and sing a verse full of faith and hope,

to cheer up the suffering one with words

of kindness, pointing to the rest, the

mansion prepared and ready for our en-

trance, to speak of the many loved ones

who have gone before, are as seeing us

now, and waiting to welcome us "into

everlasting habitations"—the kind of

work, when continued for a month or

two, draws, attracts, cheers, and fills

believers with tenderness, sympathy and

love as no other work can. I could

prove this by giving the names of a



We welcome the January *Atlantic* with more than usual interest, for in it our old friend, the *Atlantic*, opens "The New Portfolio," out of which things new and old are to come to charm us, and make us wonder that no other pen possesses the brilliancy of its. C. H. Graddock, too, opens his serial, "The Prophet," in the Green Mountains. "A Marsh Island" and Mrs. Oliphant here—"A Country Gentleman." Surely, with three serials from these authors, the *Atlantic's* readers are well supplied. Mr. Scudder writes a charming "Mount of the Cross" in the Green Roman Literature." Eleanor Patmon describes "A Salem Dame-school." Miss O'Meara gives an entertaining first paper on "Madame Mohl, her Salon and Her Friends." "Winter Days" is a praise, for it is from the *Journal* of the *Atlantic*. Walter's Drawing

\* I am indebted to Rev. Aaron Wood of Indiana, who married a daughter of William Beauchamp, for the assurance that the tanny pronounced the



# The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON VI.

Sunday, February 8.

Acts 21: 27-40.

PAUL ASSAILED.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

## I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts 21: 13).
2. DATE: May, A. D. 53.
3. PLACE: Jerusalem.

## II. Introductory.

The week was nearly ended. The compulsory policy, advised by the elders and complied with by Paul, was working well. In a few days the ceremonies of release from the Nazarene vow would be completed and the demonstration fully made that no Jew more sincerely respected the Law than he who had been charged with teaching apostasy from it. But among the visitors at Jerusalem were certain Jews from Asia who knew the apostle well, who had suffered defeat in a polemic passage-at-arms with him, and who hated him with a passion. They were determined to bring him to a simple faith in Christ. They had recognized him in the streets with Trophimus, and glared upon him as he passed. But when they found him in the Temple, their fury knew no bounds. Of course he had brought Gentiles in with him, though none were now visible - he who cared so little for the Temple. They seized him that he might not escape, and with loud cries of "Israhelites, help!" gathered a crowd in a moment. With wild gesticulations they declared Paul to be the wretch who had everywhere maligned their race, their Temple, and their Law, and who had further been guilty of the sacrilege of bringing Gentiles into the holy precincts. Such a charge at once turned the crowd into a furious mob. The news went out like a flame into the city that the Temple had been polluted, and the people from every point rushed in a high excitement. They could not wreak their vengeance there, in the Court of the Women, lest they commit a new delinquency, but they dragged the apostle through the "Beautiful" gate and down the steps into the Court of the Gentiles. There they raised angry blows upon him, and were preparing to kill him, probably by stoning, when the Roman guard, led by the chief captain, marched in and advanced straight to the centre of the tumult. He rescued Paul from his assailants, and promptly chained with each arm to a soldier. Judging from the excitement, the chief captain thought he had effected an important capture - none other than the Egyptian pseudo-Messiah, whose forces had been dispersed by Felix. He inquired of the mob who the man was, but their fierce, contradictory yells conveyed no intelligible information. He then gave orders to conduct the prisoner to the castle; but when the soldiers reached the stairs, the mob, mad at having been robbed of their victim, made a furious rush, with loud cries of "Away with him!" In the pressure and excitement Paul was lifted off his feet as he was borne rapidly up the stairs by the soldiers. When they reached the gate of the turret, Paul addressed the chief captain in Greek, greatly to the latter's surprise. He briefly declared himself to be, not the suspected Egyptian, but a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, "no man city," and asked permission to address the people, which was granted.

Paul, who was at this time probably in the inner court - the Court of the Women. Drew him out of the temple - R. V., "dragged him out of the temple," into the Court of the Gentiles. To have killed him where they found him as they longed to do would have been an added sacrilege. The doors were shut - by the Levites in charge.

They began dragging him, vainly trying to resist, vainly trying to speak a word, through the great "Beautiful" gate of Corinthian brass, and down the fifteen steps, while the Levites and the captain of the Temple, anxious to save the sacred enclosure from any more stain of blood, exerted all their strength to shut the ponderous gate behind the throng which surged after the victim (Farrar).

The Jewish anxiety of the Jews to maintain all their ancient customs, and their hostility to all foreign interference, was growing every year. The Temple was filled with societies of zealous and fanatic Jews. Ten years after this event (A. D. 70) not one stone of all this superb pile of buildings remained on another (Howson and Spence).

2. Rescued by the Romans (31-36).

31. As they went about to kill him - R. V., "as they were seeking to kill him." They had begun to beat him (verse 23). Tidings came unto R. V., "up to" - Reports of the commotion were instantly made by the watchful sentries on the towers of the Temple, which overlooked the Temple courts, and was garriooned by the Roman cohort. The chief captain of the band - the "chief" of the cohort, or "tribune," he was commander of a thousand men. His name was Claudius Lysias (chap. 23: 26). All Jerusalem was in a uproar - R. V., "all Jerusalem was in confusion."

This castle, or tower, of Antonia was built by the Maccabees as a residence, under the name of Baris. Herod the Great rebuilt it with considerable splendor, and named it Antonia, after Mark Antony. It stood at the northwest corner of the Temple area, and communicated with the Temple courts by means of two flights of steps (Howson and Spence). - It was a four-square tower, with a smaller tower fifty cubits high at each corner except the southern, where the tower was seventy cubits high, with the express object of overlooking everything that went on in the Temple courts. Stairs from these towers communicated with the roofs of two porticoes, on which at intervals stood armed Roman soldiers at the times of great festivals, to prevent all seditious movements (Farrar).

32, 33. Who immediately took - R. V., "and forthwith he took." Soldiers and centurions - implying a considerable force, for the centurions were captains of a hundred men. R. V., "ran down unto them" - R. V., "ran down upon them." Left off beating Paul - mob violence checked by discipline and authority. Laid hold on him - R. V., "took him." Commanded him to be bound with two chains - Roman fashion, the prisoner chained by each arm to a soldier. Demanded who he was - R. V., "inquired who he was." Lysias thought he had captured a notorious Egyptian insurgent.

A single word was enough to surround Lysias with a well-disciplined contingent of centurions and soldiers. He instantly dashed along the diagonal roof and down the stairs into the Court of the Gentiles. The well-known clang of Roman armor arrested the attention of the mob. They had heard some terrible warnings very lately. The memory of the awful day when they trampled each other to death by thousands to escape the cohort of Camauas, was still fresh in their memory. They did not dare to resist the mailed soldiery of their conquerors (Farrar).

34. Some cried one thing - R. V., "some shouted one thing." Among the multitude - R. V., "among the crowd." Could not know the certainty for the tumult (R. V., "for the uproar"). - Nothing but a confused babel of furious shouting came from the excited mob. To allow time for passion to cool, and to accord to the prisoner a fair hearing, the tribune gave orders to the soldiers to remove Paul "to the castle" of Antonia.

It was difficult for the mob to make out a charge against the prisoner which would be intelligible to the Roman. If a Greek had carried the boy place, he was liable to death, but Paul was not only a Jew. The incoherent maledictions falling upon Paul would therefore simply perplex the churlish (Wadson).

35, 36. When he came upon the stairs - leading up to the castle. Borne of the soldiers. - The pressure and violence of the mob reached such a pitch that the soldiers lifted Paul off his feet in their hurry to convey him to a safe place. Away with him! - With the same fierce yell had Paul's Master been hounded at Pilate's judgment seat twenty-five years before (Luke 23: 15).

Paul is seen by Luke (carried) as he is borne up the stairs, and carried upward in the hands of the soldiers! So did unconscious Gentiles on that day, in the hands of Providence, rapidly rescue their great apostle from Judaism and death (Wadson).

37, 38. As Paul was to be led - R. V., "as Paul was about to be brought;" was on the point of entering the castle. May I speak unto thee? - R. V., "May I say something unto thee?" Paul perceived at a glance the Greek nativity of the chief captain and addressed him in that tongue. Caest thou speak Greek - R. V., "Dost thou know Greek?" - a question of surprise. Lysias had quite made up his mind that his prisoner was an Egyptian insurgent. As not the Egyptian? - R. V., "Art thou not the Egyptian?" Which - made: an uproar - R. V., "which - stirred up to sedition." Four thousand men that were murderers - R. V., "four thousand men of the assassins." The "Egyptian" was a false prophet whose history is related by Josephus. He collected a body of Sicarii (assassins), which reached the number of 30,000 at one time, according to the historian. He promised his followers that the walls of Jerusalem should fall at his word, and led them to the Mount of Olives for that purpose. He was attacked and routed by Felix the Procurator. Four hundred of his followers were killed and two hundred were taken prisoners, but the insurgent chief escaped.

Paul, amid the storm, is the self-possessed master of his situation. He avails himself, with undisturbed skill, of every advantage, within reach, first to assuage the children, and then the people, in order to attain his own safety for himself and triumph for the truth. The very dialect of the first words he utters wins the churlish (Wadson).

39, 40. I am a man which am a Jew - R. V., "I am a Jew." He does not yet comprehend the fact that he is also a Roman citizen. Tarsus in Cilicia - no mean city - the Cilician metropolis, celebrated for its learning and its commerce, the rival at one time of Alexandria and Athens, bearing on its coins "the proud title of Metropolis Autonoma," the independent capital city.

Suffer me to speak - R. V., "give me leave to speak." Given him license - R. V., "given him leave." Beckoned - unto the people - a gesture which showed that he was about to speak and desired silence. Spoke in the Hebrew tongue (R. V., "language") - in the Syro-Chaldee or Aramaean, the dialect then in use.

The permission to speak given by the tribune is explainable from the unexpected dissimulation which he had just experienced; just as the silence which set in is explainable as the effect of surprise in the case of the hostile mob (Meyer).

41. Our nobles, purest actions are liable to misinterpretation.

2. There is a "zeal for God" which is "not according to knowledge."

3. From the Temple the Gentile was excluded; in Christ the Gentile is included.

4. Suspicion grows to certainty in the heat of passion.

30. All the city was moved. - At that time the great spark would set the city afire. People ran together - a tumultuous rush to seize the prodigal traitor and execute summary vengeance upon them. Took Paul - R. V., "laid hold on Paul."

5. Bigotry would kill its victim, thinking thereby to "do God service."

6. Mob-rage is seemingly irresistible, untamable; but discipline is master.

7. God has His own way to deliver His followers out of sore trial.

8. Rare is the courage and deep the convictions of a man who, rescued one moment from deadly blows, in the next asks leave to confront his would-be-murderers.

9. Illustrative.

DESCRIPTION OF BIGOTRY.

I have to forewarn you that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. His name is "Bigotry." With a tongue as smooth and deceptions as the serpent which deceived our first mother, he endeavors to sow "discord, firebrands and death" in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in the open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry; and, in so doing, he makes us scruple to employ either misrepresentation and falsehood; for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope, if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword; I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and, should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and, should he dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-banked battery, and the Dutch Reformed greed him with a whole round of artillery. Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and, after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep, and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble! (George C. Cookman.)

10. Interrogative.

1. Whom did Paul encounter in the Temple?

2. What did they do?

3. What did they say?

4. With what delinquency did they charge him?

5. What ground had they for it?

6. What was the Temple law in reference to Gentiles?

7. How wide did the commotion spread?

8. What did the mob try to do to Paul?

9. Who rescued him, and how?

10. Describe the position and use of the Castle of Antonia.

11. Why was Paul bound?

12. What wrong idea did the chief captain entertain?

13. What did he learn from the crowd?

14. Describe the scene on the stairs.

15. What request did Paul make?

16. How did he describe his nativity?

17. What practical lessons do you learn from this narrative?

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"Parker's Tonic to sweep the West. In cases of dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles, it was friends every day." - St. Malheur, Pharmacist, Chicago.

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16. How did he describe his nativity?

17. What practical lessons do you learn from this narrative?

The Horford Almanac and Cook Book mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Letters are continually being received from all sections of the country, telling of benefits derived from this great medicine. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, Very Palatable and Efficient in Wasting Diseases.

Dr. C. T. BROWNE, Rochester, N. Y., says: "After having used Scott's Emulsion with decided benefit upon myself, I have taken great pleasure in recommending it since in the various conditions of wasting in which it is indicated."

One in three says the late Dr. C. T. Browne suffered from Heart Disease. Why not use DR. CHILDS' HEART REGULATOR, it has cured thousands for all ailments. It would not be without it. It has done more good than physicians' prescriptions in three years.

FROM W. L. SHOTWELL, 204 ORANGE ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Messrs. Kinsman & Co., Gent: I am pleased to recommend ADAMSON'S COUGH BALM as a sure cure for all cases of Catarrh of the Throat. It has done more good than physicians' prescriptions in three years.

"Oh! Canst that Shadow from thy Brow."

You can't do it if you have liver complaint or dyspepsia. The darkened countenance tells the story. Your stomach is weak. Clear your stomach, strengthen your digestion, regulate your liver, tone your nerves, and then away goes the shadow from your brow, and you are happy because you are well. Mrs. M. J. Alden, of Littleton, N. C., says, "I recommend your Iron Bitters to the nervous and debilitated. It greatly benefited me."

Like a Prairie on Fire.

"Parker's Tonic to sweep the West. In cases of dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles, it was friends every day." - St. Malheur, Pharmacist, Chicago.

I Found it a Sure Cure.

I have been troubled with catarrhal deafness for seven or eight years with a roaring noise in my head. I bought medicine in 35 States, but nothing helped me. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. In four days I could hear as well as ever. I am cured of the Catarrh as well. I consider Ely's Cream Balm the best medicine ever used. - GARRETT WIDRICK, Hastings, N. Y.

The consumption of Ayer's Pills far exceeds any precedent. They are the best medicine for the cure of those who use them. They cleanse the blood, improve the appetite, promote the digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, gentle in their operation, yet thorough, searching, and powerful in subduing disease.

The Jesuit Father, Antonio Julian, in his book on travels in South America, says: "This plant (the Coca) possesses all the wonderful properties claimed for it." Commodore Gibson (U. S. Exploring Expedition of the Amazon) says: "The Coca has properties so marvellous that it enables the Indians, without any other nourishment, to perform forced marches of five and six days. It is so binding and tonic that it allows them to perform journeys of 300 miles on foot without appearing in the least fatigued." To build up a broken-down system, to relieve dyspepsia, biliousness, female monthly sufferings, and nervous prostration, Ely's Co's Coca Balm Tonic has no equal.

AARON R. GAY & CO. Stationers and Blank Book Manufacturers.

Of any desired pattern to order. 23 State Street, Boston, Mass.

# CATARRH

CATARRH is a DANGEROUS DISEASE, yet it can be cured by the use of our Catarrh Specific. Thousands suffer without knowing the nature of this almost universal complaint. It is an inflammation or ulceration of the lining membrane of the nasal passages. There are several varieties of Catarrh, with widely different symptoms. The most common kind is characterized by an excessive secretion of mucus or matter in the nasal passages, which must either be blown from the nose, or drop back behind the palate, or is hawked or snuffed backward to the throat.

Other indications are hawking, spitting, weak and inflamed eyes, frequent soreness of the throat, often ringing or roaring or other noises in the ears, more or less impairment of the hearing, loss of smell, memory impaired, dullness and dizziness of the head, and dryness and heat of the nose.

All persons thus affected take cold easily. The breath sometimes reveals to all around the corruption within, while the patient often loses all sense of smell. The disease advances covertly, until pain in the chest, lungs or bowels, starts him; he hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia, liver complaint, and is urged by his doctor to take this or that; perhaps, cold liver oil is prescribed. Perfectly ridiculous! The foul ulcers in the head can not be reached by pouring such stuff into the poor, naked stomach. The patient becomes nervous; the voice hoarse and unnatural; he feels disheartened; memory loses its power; judgment he feels that gloomy forebodings hang overhead; hundreds, yes thousands, in such circumstances, zeal that dole would be a relief, and many even do the deed of life to end their sorrows.

Thousands are Dying

In early life with consumption, who can look back a few years - perhaps only months, when it was Catarrh. Neglected when a cure is possible, very soon it will transform the features of health and youth into the dark, pallid appearance; while the hacking cough, the excess of blood gushing from the lungs, or night sweats, all significantly proclaim it is too late; and thus a neglected Catarrh ends in the consumptive's grave.

Nasal Catarrh.

Sometimes the disease only affects the membranes lining the nasal passages, and they may be easily reached and cured by simple means. But when it is located in the "frontal sinus," or in the "posterior sinuses," or if it has entered the "Eustachian tubes," and is injuring the ears, nothing but finely medicated vapor can effectively reach it and destroy it. And certainly after it has affected the throat and bronchial tubes, as all well read physicians will readily attest, nothing can be relied on to effect a permanent cure but the inhalation of properly medicated vapor. In the same manner that we breathe a common air we can inhale and breathe a medicated air; and it is perfectly simple, any one can see, thus to treat a disease of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. How much better this method by which remedial aids are conveyed directly to the seat of the disease, than to resort to the uncertain and too frequently mischievous action of medicines taken into the stomach.

The Cold Air Inhaling Balm.

This part of my treatment I regard as very important, especially in warding off colds (which is half the battle), and in relieving the head and lungs while under their effects. The balm is composed of several kinds of gums, balsams, and resins, and is essential oils which are separately used by the best physicians in treating throat, bronchial and lung diseases. These I have combined and concentrated their virtues, which, by the inhaling process, are drawn through the various passages of the head and respiratory organs, reaching and healing every irritated spot. If used when cold first makes its appearance - which usually begins by irritation of the mucous lining of the nose, and a sneeze, which is nature's emphatic warning - it will invariably check it; and by producing a quicker circulation, and by throwing the blood to the surface, the bad effects of a cold are ward off. It is pleasant to use and almost instant in its effects.

Some Bad Symptoms.

The long continued corruption of the air that is breathed passing over the foul matter in the nasal passages poisons the lungs and from thence the blood. The morbid matter that is swallowed during sleep passes into the stomach, enfeebles the digestion, vitiates the secretions and pollutes the very fountains of life. The patient becomes feverish occasionally, there is less buoyancy of spirits, the appetite is often tickle, the head less clear, it is difficult to keep the energies up to the old standard, and often, without knowing why, he is conscious that he is as well as all the time as he used to be. These symptoms indicate that the vital organs are becoming impaired so that they can not perform their natural healthy functions. Our constitutional treatment is devised to assist nature in removing all poisonous material from the system and to neutralize and counteract its baneful effects on the vital organs and on the blood.

AMONG WOMEN Catarrh is very common. The decree of fashion compels women to go from the dry atmosphere of furnace-heated houses into the open air, with the head poorly protected. Many suffer keenly from bronchitis and difficulties of the throat and lungs.

TEACHERS IN OUR SCHOOLS are greatly subject to this fearful malady. Confinement in close, ill-ventilated school-rooms; the over-heated atmosphere, charged with the steaming pilon exuding from the bodies of the not always over-clean children, breed this disease with fearful rapidity.

LAWYERS IN THE COURT ROOM and Judges on the bench, from the same general cause, are too often afflicted in the same way.

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL, after leaving the pulpit over-heated with the strain of their mental and physical effort, neglect sufficient precaution and cold is the result. This neglect opens the way to Catarrh, and to a possible loss of voice. I have suffered so keenly myself that I can not regard public speakers too strongly the necessity of removing this disease while a cure is possible.

My Experience.

Eighteen Years of terrible headache, discharging nasal discharges, dryness of the throat, acute bronchitis, coughing, soreness of the lungs, raising bloody mucus, and even night sweats, incapacitating me from my professional duties, and bringing me to the verge of the grave - all were caused by, and the result of, nasal catarrh. After spending hundreds of dollars and obtaining no relief, I compounded my Catarrh Specific and Cold Air Inhaling Balm, and wrought upon myself a wonderful cure. Now I can speak for hours with no difficulty, and can breathe freely in any atmosphere. At the calls of numerous friends, I have given my cure to the public, and have now thousands of patients in all parts of the country, and thousands of happy fellow-beings who suffer from the same ailment.

"While not supposing that all cases of Catarrh will be cured by the prescription I have recommended, I can say that I have seen many cases cured by it." T. P. CHILDS.

THE FOLLOWING FROM OTHER FAMILIARS HAS GIVEN US EVERY CONFIDENCE IN RECOMMENDING DR. CHILDS' COUGH BALM.

"The publishers and editors of the Journal and Messenger, Cincinnati, have known Rev. T. P. Childs for many years, and feel every confidence in any statements he may make. Our subscribers can feel every confidence in giving their cases into his hands for treatment."

"I have been suffering from Catarrh of the Throat for many years, and have been treated by the best physicians, but without success. I have been relieved of this loathsome disease, which makes the possessor at once disgusting to himself and others, I shall be satisfied and feel that I have done my little towards removing the ills of mankind."

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"The publishers of the Illustrated Christian Weekly, of New York, after diligent inquiry, have reason to believe that it has, in many cases, proved effective." The publishers of the Congressionalist, of Boston, with multitudes of other people, have been cured of Catarrh of the Throat, and have been relieved of this loathsome disease, which makes the possessor at once disgusting to himself and others, I shall be satisfied and feel that I have done my little towards removing the ills of mankind.

"The publishers of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, after careful investigation, are satisfied that Rev. T. P. Childs' treatment for the head, throat and lungs is all that it is represented to be."

The Experience of Others.

The record is a guarantee that Childs' Treatment for Catarrh and all diseases of the Throat, Throat and Lungs, and all nasal and throat ailments, is a sure cure. We, above all things, desire to establish confidence in our treatment, so we have placed our names and addresses on the wrapper of our Catarrh Specific and Cold Air Inhaling Balm, and we feel every confidence in our treatment, so we have placed our names and addresses on the wrapper of our Catarrh Specific and Cold Air Inhaling Balm, and we feel every confidence in our treatment, so we have placed our names and addresses on the wrapper of our Catarrh Specific and Cold Air



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[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1885.

Faith opens a window through which the soul sees a God of love, a Saviour from sin, a state of endless purity, a heaven of ecstatic bliss. Unbelief seeks to wall up that window. Surely, unbelief is mad, and its teachers are the world's mischief makers.

To preserve one's animal life, one must put it to the uses for which it is given; is it not even so with one's spiritual life? The purpose of the latter is to bring its possessor into complete harmony with God. Hence its preservation depends upon habitual self-render to the will of Christ, on abiding trust in God's word, and on such benevolent work as falls within the sphere of one's capabilities and opportunities. Thus used, it lives on, "a well of water incessantly springing up unto eternal life."

Centennial year! Glorious year! What results does it show of a hundred years of organized Methodism? Can any other church show such results for the same length of time? How much you owe to Methodism! Have you made a thank-offering for what it has done for you and the world? If not, do it at once. Give something, if but a few cents. Perhaps you inquire, "To what object shall I give?" All our educational institutions need aid. Many of the churches, heavily burdened with debt, must have assistance, especially the Broadway Church, South Boston. The New England Methodist Historical Society, that is trying to gather the materials for illustrating and preserving the hundred years' history of Methodism, needs to be remembered in the centennial offerings. Be sure and give something to some object. It is the last opportunity you will ever have to make a Methodist centennial offering.

## THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

The remarkable article in the *Century*, a month ago, by Mr. Geo. W. Cable, in reference to the character and possibilities of the colored man of the South, his just claims, and his treatment by his white fellow-citizens, has very naturally awakened much discussion at the South and no little violence of temper towards the popular novelist. Mr. Cable first disturbed the sensibilities of some of his fellow Southerners by intimating in his late novel—"Dr. Sevier"—that the cause for which the northern portion of the Republic fought was just, and that the South was coming to the acknowledgment of this. This sentiment is quite warmly, if not indignantly, repudiated by not a few writers who have rushed into print. They may yield, as decided by the bitter arbitrament of battle, the question as to the right of one or more of the States withdrawing from the Union; they are willing now, they say, to heartily accept the old flag and to stand by the undivided Republic; they accept the fact of the irreversible emancipation of the negro; but it touches the quick and fires the Southern heart to declare his cause in the late rebellion an unrighteous one. It reflects dishonor, they affirm, upon their venerated dead, and upon many living fellow-citizens who periled their blood for the "lost cause," and calls out, in the United States Senate, as well as in the periodical literature of the hour, the strongest protestations. There will, doubtless, be a great many funerals of men in high social position, and the passing away of a whole generation, at least, before this estimate of the character of the late rebellion will be changed at the South, or allusion to it cease to awaken violent emotion.

But Mr. Cable has gone much further than this in his manly and truly Christian article in the *Century*. It is one of the most significant and hopeful signs of the hour. His posi-

tion is even more pronounced in reference to the claims and treatment of the negro than that of Dr. Haygood. In one of our usually very calm and kind religious exchanges the editor says of the article, that it is "very naturally provoking unfriendly criticism at the South." The hopeful significance of this contribution of Mr. Cable is seen in the fact that it is written by a Southern man, "to the manner born." Our exchange calls him now "an imported New Englander," as if he had expatriated himself; but he has not. His sympathies are still with his home people. His father and grandfather were slaveholders. He finds there the scenes and subjects of his delightful and instructive stories. It is not an inborn prejudice, a jealousy, or the hatred of the South, that prompts what Mr. Cable so ably develops and enforces in his article; it is the prompting of a philanthropic, of a Christian, and of a truly patriotic heart. He sees that the safety and success of the South turns upon her righteous solution of the negro question, and that the well-being of the whole country is to be affected by it. It is an amazing gain to have an intelligent and cultivated Southerner, in the most positive but generous manner, set these doctrines forth before the eyes of his own people. The Haygoods and the Cables are as sure to multiply at the South as the years are to roll on, and as there is a just God, who is the Father of us all, in heaven; and this means emphatically "a new South."

Of the objectionable opinions of Mr. Cable, our exchange says: "Mr. Cable—Louisianian, by the way—thinks that the negro, with equal chances, is the white man's equal in every possible respect. He pleads for the education of both colors in the same schools." These sentences contain the *gravamen* of the criticism against Mr. Cable. There is little attempt to answer the clear reasoning of the advocate for justice in behalf of the colored man, or the impressively-urged indictments against his former masters and present fellow-citizens in reference to their disregard of his political right, or his claims for fair treatment, of a real jury trial by his peers, and an adequate education. There is no reasonable answer that can be made. The writers in opposition simply appeal to a prevailing sentiment, and intimate that any change in this respect is hopeless. But it is not. These noble Southerners to whom we have referred, and others already largely emancipated from traditional prejudices, are rapidly creating new sentiments and a better social atmosphere.

Not less significant than the facts just mentioned is the remarkable symposium in the February issue of the *A. M. E. Church Review*, upon "The Effect of the Democratic Return to Power." Fourteen educated colored gentlemen, with Frederick Douglass at their head, and one cultivated lady, Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, write short articles upon the topic. No one can read them without being struck by their general ability—the lady's article in no measure inferior to the best of the others, or to any contribution that we have seen from her sex of a paler hue. We are equally impressed with the calmness and sobriety of their reasoning. But one or two manifest any bitterness or lingering desire for retribution to follow the wrongs which the race has suffered. They all show a remarkably clear apprehension of the significance of the late political revolution. They have little fear that any serious additions to their political and social burdens will be made. Indeed, they shrewdly apprehend that, to avoid losing the concurrence of the northern wing of their party, and to win the vote of the colored man, their rights and the privileges of school may be more generously accorded to them. It would be well for any Southern men who have doubts as to the possibilities of the colored men taking on a higher education and cultivation, to read these manly and very able papers. In tone and temper, in practical sense and in self-restraint, and in a clear view of political duties and obligations, these productions compare very favorably with any that have been written by their white fellow-citizens on the same question.

The pen is mightier than the sword. These discussions will have their influence. The black men do not appeal to passion, but to the universal sense of justice. Their voice will be heard in the Republic. What seems now impossible, in the weak faith and darkened reason of some men, is possible in the providence of God. The right will prevail, and the wrong will be vanquished by the silent but powerful forces with which God has filled His universe.

A full report of the annual meeting of the N. E. Methodist Historical Society will appear next week.

## BRIEF MENTION.

We have received the printed programme of the first Annual Conference in Mexico, presided over by Bishop Harris. There were nineteen members present, and nine missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society. It met on the 16th of January. A great variety of interesting exercises are on the schedule.

The Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association held its annual meeting at the Melrose, Tremont Temple, Jan. 27-29. On the evening of the 29th a sociable and supper will be enjoyed in the same place. Well-known speakers are engaged for the different sessions.

Inquiries are constantly made of us in reference to the Temperance Drama, by Mrs. R. H. Wood, which we noticed a few weeks since. Copies of it can be obtained by addressing her at Southbridge, Mass.

The Tribune Almanac has become an annual necessity. Its arranged summary of political events—the presidential vote, with full election tables, the laws passed at the last session of Congress, with the members of the two Houses and the officers of government—render it an invaluable manual for the desk. Hon. Edward McPherson is its editor. Price, 30 cents.

Mrs. W. F. Crafts has prepared a valuable series of Blackboard Temperance Lessons, the second issue of which has been published by the National Temperance Society of New York. They afford excellent material for the teachers of young children for showing the dreadful consequences of drinking alcoholic liquors.

The excellent and suggestive paper by Mr. William M. F. Round, secretary of the New York Prison Discipline Society, entitled "Our Criminals and Christianity," published in the *Herald Review*, and read at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, at St. Louis, has been published in a separate pamphlet, and is worthy of a wide distribution.

The Circular of Information from the National Bureau of Education, No. 6, 1884, is upon "Rural Schools," progress in the past and means of improvement in the future. By means of circular information has been collected in reference to the condition of public school education in sparsely populated portions of the country. Valuable suggestions are made, and illustrations given from European schools.

L. Prang & Co. issue very neat valentines for the approaching 14th of February—a very grateful improvement upon the hideous caricatures which usually fill the post-offices on that day.

The Monday lectures of Joseph Cook for the present season commenced on Monday noon, Feb. 2. Tickets are not being secured. These desirable favorable seats should obtain them at once. They can be had at the box office, Tremont Temple. There will be 1,700 free seats.

We are indebted to a generous member of the Y. M. C. Association of Boston for a life membership, accompanied with a handsome certificate duly signed, in this very efficient Association. We are honored by the gift, and heartily return our acknowledgments. We are always glad to render the society all the aid in our power in its important work.

Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck has a striking contribution upon "Revivals" in local churches without the aid of foreign agencies, in the last issue of the *Christian Advocate*, which we shall reprint in our columns next week.

Thursday of this week is the appointed day throughout the country, of prayer for colleges. No denomination has a wiser interest in such a service than ours. In these institutions of our church are the *élite* children of our family. The future of the church, in a large sense, rests in their hands. Let earnest prayers go up to God for pure and powerful religious revivals among them all!

We continue to receive letters from different portions of the country in reference to the lack of pastoral visiting among the poor and sick. Some of them are pithy enough. One writes from Maine that he has been an invalid for four years, and his pastor for three years only visited him once, and was sent for at that time. In one instance an old pastor, on exchange, was asked to call, but he excused himself by intimating that he had as much pastoral work as he could attend to in his own charge. These are painful facts. It is possible there is another side to them. We know none of them personally, but certainly, if the statements are justified, some pastors have seriously failed of the discharge of a sacred duty.

The Annual Catalogue of Wesleyan University is published on a smaller page than usual, but is very neatly printed and makes a useful and very inviting pamphlet in appearance. It bears on its cover the University seal, with a striking face of Wesley within it. A very full exposition is made of all the college departments and of its regular and elective curricula. It numbers 202 students, which, we believe, is the largest body thus far gathered upon its annual roll. In has a large and very able faculty, with one of the finest suites of buildings in the number of our denominational institutions, and stands out today with her thousands and more graduates every way worthy to be the honored mother of our American Methodist system of schools for the higher education.

Harper's Magazine for January contains a very interesting paper, entitled, "Thirty Years of the Slave Trade," written by Mr. Howard Mudge Newhall, of Lynn, a graduate of Wesleyan University, class '79. Mr. Newhall has him a large manufacturer, associated with his father, and has gathered a mass of very interesting and suggestive details in reference to the progress of the business and the effect of its growth and increase of machinery upon the wages of the laborer. The article is finely written, as well as full of valuable information.

The Boston Method at Social Union held its first meeting for the new year on Monday evening, Jan. 19. There was a large attendance. Many new members came in. Hon. E. H. Dunn very gracefully introduced his successor, Dr. L. B. Dutton, as the president for the coming year. Willard A. Allen, esq., is the secretary and treasurer. The Union owes a great debt of gratitude to H. N. Shepard, esq., its late secretary and treasurer, who has filled the office so efficiently for many years. His many public duties rendered his resignation, which was most reluctantly accepted, necessary. The chaplains of the evening were abundant and evidently well-rehearsed. Not the least grateful or important part of the monthly gathering is the social interview, during which over a hundred of our laymen have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. The intellectual *pièce de résistance* was an address by Dr. W. F. Warren, President of Boston University. He presented an outline of his wonderful, and amazingly sustained, theory, that the Garden of Eden was at the North Pole, and that the stream down the population of the earth. Possibly this account for the strange fascination which invests this mysterious magnetic

point, over whose now frosty axis the flaming Aurora Borealis continues to play, and which draws men at the peril of their lives to its discovery. Dr. Warren held his audience firmly in his grasp and called forth repeated volleys of applause by his magnificent sentences, even if he did not succeed in winning absolute faith in his daring speculation. Bishop Foster was a guest of the evening, always welcome, although he did not speak. He was wearied with a very full and hard day's labor on the previous Sabbath, and by his earnest address at the Preachers' Meeting. The church must not work this devoted servant too severely; his life as a seer is a great and precious treasure to be preserved.

The South Boston Church is resting as a serious burden upon his heart, but the noble response of the ministers, subscribing from their small salaries \$2,500 in addition to \$1,000 which he had already subscribed, give him great encouragement; if the ministers in other portions of the Conference, with our generous lay brethren, will take hold of this matter at once and vigorously, this perilous debt will be immediately and forever swept away.

Bishop Foss, at the late meeting of the California Conference, in an address on church extension work, is reported as saying:—"The victory of temperance will not come till the roused conscience of the church demands it, and every pulp in its hand shall hold forth the banner of prohibition. If this victory shall be gained by blood, I know not. Blood shed in this cause will be as holy as blood shed in any other."

The North American Review for February opens with a seasonable discussion by Pres. Barnard, Wm. Parcell, Seymour Dawes and Vance, and Roger A. Pryor, esq., of the question, "How Shall the President be Elected?" The venerable historian, George Bancroft, writes a very eulogistic review of Dr. Holmes' "Life of Emerson." Prof. G. Stanley Hall gives an interesting description of the "New Departure in Education." Rev. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd has an able article upon "The Certainty of Endless Punishment." Prof. C. A. Young writes upon "Theories Regarding the Sun's Corona." The somewhat sensational article is the symposium by Rev. Dr. H. J. Van Dyke, jr., and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the question, "Shall Clergymen be Politicians?" The response of Dr. Van Dyke is eminently sensible, and that of Mr. Beecher is eminently characteristic.

Rev. Dr. Thomas O. Summers, late editor of books and of the *Quarterly Review* of the Methodist Church, South, has been peculiarly fortunate in his biographer. He was designated by the Doctor himself—Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, D. D., his successor in the editorship of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville, Tenn.). Dr. Summers' life, of itself, was so remarkable. It illustrated the truth, so often set forth, that nothing is impossible to a diligent, energetic and faithful youth. The young English lad, born on the coast of Purbeck, Dorset, finds his way to this country with little capital, based a brave and hopeful career, an insatiable desire for knowledge, an invincible perseverance, and the ever-present Providence of God. In the story of his career and few novel events in it. It is a normal life, with its temptations, its great religious event—an unmarked conversion—is undoubted call to the ministry, with an early exhibition of marked intellectual ability on the part of the subject. The Doctor was not an eloquent man, nor especially attractive in address, or manner, or temper. He was positive, dogmatic, persistent, overbearing, but a conscientious Christian, a loyal Methodist, a most orthodox divine, and a profound scholar in many lines of religious investigation.

Now to make a perfectly charming biography of such a man as this; to have the picture perfectly true to nature, to bring out distinctly even the blemishes, and at the same time to make the book as fascinating as a work of fiction, is only the work of genius. And this our excellent friend has accomplished. We read the book through from beginning to end without an intermission. No friend could raise a more worthy monument to the memory of departed worth. The volume is full of short sketches, delightfully told, of the chief Southern ministers with whom Dr. Summers associated, making a volume of considerable interest, as well as a biography of its great central subject. We heartily commend this interesting volume, and congratulate Dr. Fitzgerald upon his success in his very delicate undertaking.

A Boston correspondent of the *Occident*, the Congregationalist paper of San Francisco, makes a sadly mixed-up contribution to its columns in reference to the dedication of the Margaret Chapel in this city, and the relation of the two dominions now interested in it to each other. Its most objectionable and unfounded criticism is in reference to the admirable, uncompromising, but eminently Christian address of Rev. S. F. Jones on the occasion. Rev. Henry Morgan, a sincere, energetic, independent Methodist minister, who had gathered considerable property by his lectures against rum, Romanism and riotous living, had built a chapel with adjoining houses, and was anxious to have his property, as he was a bachelor without any near relatives, continue his work among the poor after his death. He conversed with the editor of this paper about making the Wesleyan Association the administrator of his estate. Finally, as the Unitarians had a well-constituted, incorporated city missionary society, he placed the property in the hands of this body, with the proviso that the pulpit of the chapel should always be supplied by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was about the same argument that had been in force for a half century in the case of Father Taylor's Bethel—the trustees and supporters were chiefly Unitarians, but the pulpit was to be supplied by the Conference of the M. E. Church. There was no intermingling or compromising of faith; both denominations had their separate well-defined functions—one to administer the property, the other to supply the preacher. We see no occasion for amazement, or for any other sort of gratitude to God that so gracious an enterprise for the free worship of God is perpetuated in the heart of our city; and certainly every evangelical Christian should be thankful that the occupant of the pulpit will preach Christ and Him crucified to the hundreds that gather within the walls of this comfortable sanctuary. Our Unitarian brethren, with their proverbial excellent sense, heartily accept the provisions of the will, and welcome the Methodist city missionary society to its important office. Rev. Mr. Jones' address was generally commended for its manly frankness and its genuine Christian tone, as well as for its sweetness and eloquence.

By the invitation of the Senate of the New York Assembly, Mrs. Foster is invited to speak in the Senate Chamber in behalf of the National Temperance League, on Wednesday evening of this week.

We are glad to see that the proprietor of a skating rink in the Highland ward of this city has been fined a hundred dollars for refusing permission to two respectable colored men—two lawyers to use the skating establishment after they had purchased tickets at the door. This wicked discrimination as to color does not look any less un-

Christian in New York or Boston than at the South. Indeed, it looks rather worse.

No cause can endure the indignation throughout Christendom that attends the dynamic horrors now being perpetrated in England. The last two—the blowing up of the Houses of Parliament, and London Tower when filled with visitors—are about the wickedest outrages ever committed among civilized people. Every respectable Irishman should utter his abhorrence of such acts; for no focus of the best interests of Ireland are more to be dreaded than these miscreants, or any sympathizers with them.

In the New York Assembly, the struggle which has been persisted in by the continued efforts of the Catholic youth, and those sent back on account of their obduracy from the Catholic institution, reach the House of Refuge. Here no effort is made to prejudice their minds against any form of Christian faith, but they are taught in the morals of the Bible and in the simple Gospel of Christ, are permitted to enjoy the instruction of good schools, and are taught some form of manual industry. They can have their prayer-books and any religious papers or volumes that their friends desire. The priests are called, at their request, when sick, to visit them in the hospital. If they are invited to the desk on Sunday to preach; but because the Roman Catholic Church cannot enjoy an opportunity that no other Christian Church seeks to—enrich with all her peculiar ordinances not to simply make Christians, but Romanists, of the inmates—this relentless effort to break down the wholesome American discipline of this long-established institution is continued, year after year. Two of the members of the board of trustees are honored communicants in the Catholic Church, and a highly-esteemed judge of the city—and both of them are in full sympathy with their colleagues as to the expediency of making the Refuge a sectarian institution, and as to the peril to the highest interests of the reformatory by such a change.

Messrs. Franke and Schneider, Washington, D. C., 529 15th Street, Northwest, publish a remarkably finely-executed map of Egypt, the Sinaitic Peninsula and the Promised Land. This excellent map has been compiled from the latest German, French and English surveys and maps, and has been corrected from the published works of the last tourists in those countries. It is the most elaborate, as well as beautifully-executed, map of these countries, so important in sacred history, that we have seen. On plain paper, 50 cents; on bond paper, 75 cents; on linen with rollers, \$1.25. The map is accompanied with a historical and descriptive "Companion."

Here comes a stout book, in paper covers, through the mail. It is a volume of over 400 duodecimo pages, in bold type, and on thick paper—altogether a very inviting work to read. But it is not a simple treatise; it is the first issue of a new bimonthly periodical, entitled *Popular Sanitary Science*; with a second title, of "Our Digestion, and My July Friend's Secret." Such a periodical will find but one editor in this country, and here is his name—living still in spite of the limitations in the public prints of his ill health—Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D. This issue is filled with short, spicy articles, medical anecdotes, incidents, American and foreign, touching hygiene, and a great body of short, instructive chapters upon food and its digestion, its adulterations, injurious drinks, and receipts for good diets. It is a very lively book, as any one acquainted with the Doctor's skill, and will read with interest to the young as well as by their seniors. The work is published in New York City, by H. C. Lewis & Co., at the Bible House. \$3 a year. 75 cents for this number.

It is certainly a curious incident in the progressive civilization of the hour, that a leading Japanese periodical, published at the capital of the empire, urges that Christianity should be encouraged in that realm, as foreigners are now permitted to dwell in all portions of it, that it might become an adequate restraint to them, and keep the country free from the gross licentiousness and lack of moral restraints exhibited in the open ports where foreign visitors first congregated. It speaks commendably of the influence of the missionaries upon the lives of foreigners. All this is encouraging, and at the same time an encouragement to the Christian faith has been so justly dishonored by members of professedly Christian nations.

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, in commenting upon the difference between what it calls the Puritan Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath as accepted by Roman Catholics, says: "The Church [Roman] forbids service work on Sunday, but she does not forbid innocent recreation. She does not forbid the exercise of the liberal arts [what ever the editor means by this]... She does not even forbid a game of cards or a family quadrille in the evening." This sentence the editor breaks by asking: "What will Zion's Herald say to this?" It is, it is so much the worse for the church, for the editor, and for the unfortunate young people who are encouraged in such unscriptural license.

The *Quaker* is the English illustrated Sunday magazine, it is a weekly, conducted, and filled with interesting and instructive literature. The issue for February opens with a paper from Rev. L. D. Bevan, D. D., late of the Brick Church, New York, upon "Popular American Preachers." After a short essay characterizing the American pulpit as distinguished from the English, Dr. Bevan describes very happily the preaching of Dr. Duryea, Dr. Brooks, and Joseph Cook. The illustrations of this number are excellent. \$1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., New York.

We have received a copy of the new Wesleyan paper which succeeds the *Watchman*. It is called the *Christian Journal*. It is a small octavo sheet of 16 pages, of the size and arrangement of the *London Spectator*. It is not intended to be so largely a general newspaper, as to present well-written essays, short sermons, and the full discussion of the religious questions of the day. It gives evidence of able and experienced editorial supervision. We heartily welcome it to its place among the leading religious periodicals of the day, and trust its publishers will be amply sustained by a generous patronage. Each number is sold for a penny—two cents.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Woman's National Indian Association is a document of exceptional interest. It fills some seventy octavo pages, much of it in small but clear type. The annual meeting was held in Philadelphia last November. The society is a very efficient one in Massachusetts, of which Mrs. M. L. Draper is president, with three hundred and fifty-six members. Mrs.

J. B. Dickinson, of New York, is the president of the Association for the present year. The same general secretary who has held meetings and formed branch societies all over the country—Mrs. Amilla S. Quinton—has been continued in the office as so ably fills. The addresses, reports of officers and from laborers among the Indians, are full of interest, and some of them cannot fail to awaken deep emotion. The agents of the Society have been very diligent in the use of the press, and have called the attention of the community constantly to the necessities, abuses and sufferings of their wards. The work is in good hands. It only remains for us, by sympathy, petitions, and financial aid, to help these women who are working so diligently and successfully in behalf of these original possessors of our continent and great sufferers from the rapid movement of our Western wave of population. They are slowly dropping off their savage life, and taking on the civilized. Congress is ordinarily disposed to aid in their elevation, but Indian agents and border settlers look looking after. The women have sharp eyes and tender sensibilities. A few more books from Mrs. Jackson (H. H.), of the character of her last two, and Indian abuses will become perilous acts.

The *Traveler* of Friday evening contained the following announcement of the death of an excellent lady—a great sufferer for many years, but a cheerful and devoted Christian worker also, well known to many of our readers:—

"Mrs. Catherine B. wife of Rev. David Sherman, D. D., died suddenly at Holiston this morning at the age of 73 years, 7 months and 10 days, after an illness of about two weeks. She was the daughter of Chester and Nancy B. Moody, and was born at Hinsdale, Mass., May 18, 1811. The early death of her father occasioned the removal of the family to Wilbraham, where her early life was passed, and where she enjoyed excellent facilities for her education at Wesleyan Academy. On the 4th of June, 1843, she was united in marriage to Dr. Sherman of the New England Conference of the M. E. Church. For many years she had been an invalid from severe rheumatic affections which resulted from exposure by moving into a house newly completed. Her sufferings were continued and most painful, but the midst of all of them, even after she had lost the use of her limbs entirely, her mind remained firm as a rock. She was cheerful, hopeful and courageous to the last. Her interest in current events, and in the affairs of her household, over which she had always continued to exercise a personal supervision, was apparent to the end. Her illness extended back over a period of forty years, and the greater part of that time she was confined to the house, and to her chair, but in spite of her feeble health, and the ironies of disease, with a courage and Christian fortitude such as is rarely witnessed, she accompanied her husband in his many changes as an itinerant preacher, and was his constant supporter and adviser. Up to two weeks ago she was in better health, but from that time she began to fail, until 11 a. m. today, when her long period of suffering was brought to a close, and she dropped away as peacefully as sleep. The funeral services will occur at the M. E. Church at Holiston on Sunday, and the remains be taken to Wilbraham for interment. Mrs. Sherman leaves two sons."

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Boston University last Thursday, the following officers of the board were unanimously re-elected: Hon. Wm. Claflin, LL. D., president; Hon. Jacob Steed, vice-president; Rev. Bradford K. Peirce, S. T. D., secretary; and Richard Watson Husted, esq., treasurer. For the first time the University Convocation were entitled to nominate candidates for one trusteeship for five years, and the board unanimously elected the first of the candidates nominated, namely, Rev. Willard T. Perrin, S. T. D., a graduate of the School of Theology, class of 1874. No other changes were made in the personnel of the body.

## W. F. M. Society.

The branch quarterly meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Bromfield Street M. E. Church, Jan. 14. Mrs. Patten presided. Mrs. Mansfield read from Scripture, and in commenting upon the passages, emphasized the need of the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Prayer was then offered. The annual report showed the receipts for the first quarter, with the October balance on hand, to be \$8,448.09; disbursements and remittances, \$7,553.93. The corresponding secretary stated the appropriations for the year to be \$23,169, of which \$2,035 is conditional. Very little new work is assumed, as the development of that already supported requires increased appropriations for its continued success. Fifteen hundred dollars have been applied to a new building for the boarding-school at Moradabad, so long needed, and in the support of which the Branch takes so large an interest. Eight new auxiliaries formed in the Branch, and \$2,540.41 reported as raised for the remana paper fund, show a good degree of interest in the home work. This has been greatly enhanced by the faithful, untiring efforts of Mrs. Dr. Butler, Miss Cashman, Mrs. Mudge and Mrs. Scott. Mrs. Alderman recommended the use of uniform readings in the auxiliaries as a means of profit. The view given of many of the mission fields was encouraging.

Mrs. E. M. Scott was then presented to the meeting. She spoke of the pleasure which this meeting's glimpse of the home work gave her, after her experience in the work in India, and in speaking of the foreign work, stated emphatically the need of more workers to assist those already engaged. She spoke of some Wesleyan missions at Calcutta and at Ceylon which had visited on her way, and of their successful workings. The natural beauty of Ceylon was pleasingly described, as also a beautiful Wesleyan church, the materials and skilled labor for which had been given by the native Christians themselves. The need of more disinterested missionary labor for the work in Ceylon, and its vicinity was presented. In her visits at Canton and other places in China, Mrs. Scott found the methods of labor but little different from those in India. She had been much struck by the bravery of the Presbyterian mission in the midst of the Chinese war troubles. In Japan the same need is pressing; the laborers are apparent as in India. At Yokohama and Tokio the work is progressing; the new school I described as the finest building in the city.

Rev. G. A. Crawford, U. S. N., was then introduced, and spoke upon the progress of Christianity in Japan, remarking that it did not keep pace with that of civilization. He referred to the compulsory education, complete systems of telegraph, police and postal service, and also their well-trained troops, as indicating their advancement. The religious conflict of to-day is between Buddhism and Christianity rather than Christianity. He attacked great importance to a high order of missionaries, teachers, and methods of instruction the Japanese having a rare opportunity for increased missionary zeal on the part of the whole church, in the immediate present, for Japan.

Both these addresses possessed much interest, and were appreciated by a good audience. The meeting closed with the benediction by Chaplain Crawford.

We hope none of the preachers will fail to make an effort to secure new subscribers for the Herald. An increase of the list has been reported from many of the churches, but we are sorry to say not from all. If each pastor would make an effort, no doubt new names could be secured on every charge. Let the effort be made, and if it is not convenient for the subscriber to pay now, the money can be handed to the preacher any time before the meeting of Conference in April.

## The Churches.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.**  
**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—Bishop R. S. Foster addressed the meeting upon the principle of self-support in the South Indian Conference. It was a most graphic and impressive delineation of the great missionary work of the church in that and other lands. His appeal in behalf of the missionary treasury will never be forgotten.

**Revolutions.**—In a large number of churches the work of earnest revival is in progress, in some with and in some without extra helpers. In several cases very gratifying results have followed.

**Charlestown, Trinity.**—Rev. E. A. Whittier, the evangelist, has been laboring here in a series of revival meetings.  
**Chelsea, Bellingham.**—Rev. S. F. Pearson, of Portland, Me., has been assisting the pastor in revival meetings for two weeks. Very large meetings and deep interest attend the services. At least fifty conversions are reported. The pastor baptized twenty candidates last Sunday.

**Cambridge, Harvard St.**—Rev. Albert Gould, of Clinton, assisted Dr. Chadbourn last week in revival services.

**Newtonville.**—Mr. G. H. Loomis has been elected superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the prospects of the school are very encouraging. The Christmas tree yielded valuable fruit to the pastor, as to others. He received a present of money, which, in addition to the gift of \$50 in April, shows liberality and esteem. Extra meetings during and since the week of prayer have resulted in several seekers and a quickening of believers.

**Salem, Wesley Chapel.**—About twenty conversions since Christmas are reported. Seekers have been at the altar every Sunday night since Thanksgiving. Following the Sunday evening sermon, Jan. 11, 103 testimonies were given in forty-five minutes. The two Salem and Peabody churches unite for revival effort one week in each place.

**Lowell, St. Paul's.**—Bro. Horace J. Adams has bequeathed New Hampshire Conference Seminary \$1,000, conditionally, and to the Preachers' Aid Society of the New England and New Hampshire Conferences, \$500 each.

**Worcester, Laurel St.**—The spiritual interests are more encouraging than for two years past. Some are feeling very deeply. A new chimney has been constructed, and a new pipe-top Smith cabinet organ adds to the church music. The advertisement of topics of Sunday discourse has proved beneficial.

**Springfield, Grace Church.**—The tenth anniversary of the dedication of the church was observed on Sunday, Jan. 18. By invitation of the pastor, Rev. T. W. Bishop, and the official board, Rev. John A. Cass, who was pastor when the church was built, and who did so much to secure this beautiful edifice, preached the anniversary sermon from Gal. 6: 9. The sermon was an admirable one. At the Sunday-school session short historical addresses were made by some of the past superintendents, and by Bro. Cass and the pastor. The gospel and praise service in the evening will not soon be forgotten. Many testified to the good this church had done them. When the church was built, the first shovel of earth was turned by Mrs. A. J. Pease, one of the founders. She still keeps the shovel as bright as when new. The history of this church justifies the wisdom of its twenty-nine founders. It is one of the most flourishing churches in the city, and has received into its membership fifty-five in the nine months ending January, 1885. It is also one of the largest Sunday-schools—365 being present at the anniversary—58 of them in the young men's Bible class. Bishop Foster preaches next Sunday, and Dr. J. H. Vincent the Sunday following. There is a quiet, healthy religious interest at work in the church.

**Neponset.**—There has been a gradual increase of spirituality and numbers. Nine were added to the church at the last communion, and several probationers have since been received. The pastor received a generous purse from his appreciative friends at Christmas. At the fourth quarterly conference his return for the third year was unanimously requested.

**Chicopee.**—The dedication of the new house of worship occurs on Monday, Feb. 2, at 2 p. m., with sermon by Bishop Foster. Dr. Upham will speak in the evening.

**Weston.**—There is a good revival interest. Backsliders are being reclaimed and souls saved. Nightly meetings are held.



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## The Family.

"IT DOETH NOT YET APPEAR  
WHAT WE SHALL BE."

BY MARK TRAFLET.

'Tis veiled in mystery — on that shore  
The heavy mists so darkly lie;  
Vainly we labor to explore,  
Vainly we turn the anxious eye.

We list — no tones come booming on  
From that eternal, waveless sea,  
No sounding shore, no echoes strong  
Wake the soul-stirring harmony.

We shall be — ay, they who've fled;  
But what they are, what we shall be,  
Are secrets which the voiceless dead  
Are bound to veil in mystery.

We saw them, weary in the strife,  
Bending beneath life's heavy task;  
We saw them yield this troubled life,  
But what they are, we vainly ask.

They left us, and we watched the form  
Retiring, fading from our sight,  
As clouds before the coming storm,  
To regions where the skies are bright.

Soft fell that faintly-breathed "adieu,"  
That whisper we still hear alone;  
We gazed till they were lost to view —  
That form bright in life's radiant zone.

That was life's pensive twilight hour;  
The sun is all beneath the sea;  
But ah, love's strange, reflective power  
Returns that vanished form to me!

Dark is the veil which hangs between  
What now we are, what we shall be,  
So dim the objects which are seen  
In the faint light which comes to me.

Will friend meet friend as here we met,  
With smiles of love, not false, nor brief?  
The cheek no more with tears be wet,  
The heart no more throbb' again with grief?

Shall we bear with us there the bond  
Which binds us to the loved ones now?  
Or shall we of each other be fond  
Read friendship on each other's brow?

Will tastes, diversified as these  
We follow in this lower sphere,  
Lead where peculiar pleasure flows  
To please the eye, or charm the ear?

Shall we with kindred souls retire  
Far from that pure and glorious throng  
To tune the harp, and string the lyre,  
To sing the old, remembered song?

Or by some murmuring stream away,  
In the sweet ananarhine tower,  
Recall the scenes of this brief day,  
Obedient still to memory's power?

Would this be pleasure without pain?  
Would no regrets then cloud the brow?  
Could we recall this life again,  
Nor feel remorse, as we must now?

The hasty word the friend that stung,  
The love that met to cold return,  
The doubt that trusting bosom wrung,  
The slight that made the pale cheek burn?

If here with grief we thus recall,  
And mourn what we cannot repair,  
If of this, tears of sorrow fall,  
Must we not feel this sorrow there?

Or shall we, raised above these things,  
Smile at these halings of the mind,  
As what our lower nature brings,  
Which in the grave is left behind?

Will not the loved we leave behind  
Of things we thus to this abide,  
Our souls so close with love entwined,  
Long to be to bear life's load?

Dark, misty, unrevealed state,  
Our mode of being o'er the flood  
None have returned here to relate,  
"Each secret things belong to God."

Be still, my heart, nor long to know  
What, known, might overwhelm the soul!  
On, on, in this stern conflict go,  
And faint not till you reach the goal!

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY KATHARINE LENT STEVENSON.

"These that have turned the world  
Upside down are come either, also."  
The old cry of the Theosophists may  
Sound from Boston lips to-day, for our  
City is under siege. The "Salvation  
Army" has encamped in our midst, and,  
to use its favorite expression, is "firing  
red-hot shot" into the enemy's camp.

It means to "take Boston." Nothing  
less than the grand sum-total of a  
"saved city" will satisfy this band.  
Were it not well for us who form a  
part of Boston, to inquire into its  
purposes and its methods, that we may  
know whether we should yield at discre-  
tion, or arm for resistance?

The Salvation Army is a fact to-day  
— a fact in the Christian world. As a  
fact, it deserves to be treated by Chris-  
tians with something other than sneers,  
something other than indifference. It  
deserves what, alone, it asks at our  
hands — honest, unprejudiced observa-  
tion. This, for the past month, we have  
been trying to give; and the result of  
this observation we desire to make  
known to others.

May I drop the newspaper "we," and  
come down to a personal experience?  
For me to write an article in behalf of  
the Salvation Army is not wholly unlike  
Paul's experience when he preached  
Christ in the very cities where he had  
persecuted His followers. For I have  
the Salvation Army. I did not know  
that it was hated — I called it "righteous  
indignation," — a just contempt of  
cant and narrow prejudice; and it is  
really wonderful how great a difference  
a name makes! I was hated by nature  
thoroughly to dislike the Salvation  
Army. The fervor of Methodism in its  
most extreme types has always been dis-  
agreeable to me. Still, I presume I  
should never have given the Army a  
thought beyond a refined shudder for  
its coarseness and an involuntary  
sneer at its methods, had it not come  
very near my own life. The two friends  
whom, outside of family ties, I count  
dearest, went to England last spring for  
rest and travel — two sisters from a  
wealthy, cultured home; ladies in the  
best sense of that often-abused word;  
graduates of Vassar College; brilliant,  
witty, fitted for any position in life, for  
whose future I had built large hopes;  
"refined," too, in their religious life,  
the one an Episcopalian with a strong  
leaning towards ritualism, the other a  
Swedenborgian; and almost the first  
news that came to me was that they had

joined the Salvation Army, and were  
preaching in street and in barrack!

All the indignation of my nature was  
aroused. I felt that they had disgraced  
themselves; that they had been led by  
a wild band of fanatics into a course  
which they must, in after years, bitterly  
regret. I wrote them very plainly,  
but there was such a new strength and  
sweetness in their replies that, in spite  
of myself, I bowed before the spirit  
which possessed them. At last I yielded  
to their request, and went to "study" a  
meeting in Windsor Theatre. I tried to  
go without prejudice, but I was filled  
with it, and when "Capt. Jack" led his  
band of "poke-bonneted tamborine  
players" on to the platform, even his  
sweet, pure face failed to disarm me,  
and I found myself wondering, with Dr.  
Lyman Abbott, why the Lord did not  
send fire from heaven upon such blas-  
phemy.

That meeting converted me to one  
fact — the need of some such work, the  
need of a warfare more aggressive than  
the Christian church is waging to-day.  
I did not know there were such faces in  
Boston; I did not dream that words of  
simple Gospel truth could be received  
with such wild jeerings and howlings,  
such laughter and scorn. I had attend-  
ed a respectable church for so many  
years, and sat amidst, or preached to,  
a "respectable" audience, that I had  
come to believe that the whole world  
had this, at least, in common — a re-  
spect for Christianity. One Salva-  
tion Army meeting opened my eyes.  
"Do you think they do any good?" a  
friend asked me. "They have done me  
this good, at least," I replied; "they  
have shown me that the devil isn't dead  
yet." I had come to feel as if the world  
had attended his last obsequies. Lieu-  
tenant Faith faced her mocking, jeering audi-  
ence the other Sunday evening with  
these words: "If Christ were on  
earth to-day, you'd crucify Him!" and  
I felt that she spoke the truth.

We are let alone, so long as we are so  
much of the world that the world can  
feel comfortable in our presence; but  
we have only to separate ourselves en-  
tirely to know Christ's words, "They  
shall persecute you." And not the Salva-  
tion Army alone, but the history of  
every great religious movement bears  
out this assertion. "If ye were of the  
world, the world would love its own;  
but because ye are not of the world, but  
I have chosen you out of the world,  
therefore the world hateth you!" How  
much square, honest hatred do you  
think the world gives the average church  
to-day? If you want to know how it  
can hate, go into a Salvation Army  
meeting.

So much for my first meeting. My  
second converted me to the Army itself  
— to its purpose, to its methods. One  
who has known, in even the smallest de-  
gree, the power of the Holy Ghost, can-  
not fail to recognize that power in  
others; and the Army, as represented by  
its Boston leaders, shows forth that  
power. You feel it. You must feel it.  
Simple, broken words; uncouth dictio-  
nary grammar, an undue absence of  
presence of aspirates; nevertheless,  
back of it all, under it all, through it  
all, you feel God. You must feel Him;  
those who mock feel Him, and there-  
fore, they mock the more.

You see Him, too, in their faces. Such  
faces — lighted by an unearthly glow,  
the flesh seeming but a thin veil cover-  
ing the Shakhin. I have looked in  
Capt. Shirley's face when I have felt  
with Moses that I wanted a veil between  
me and the glory; and yet, without  
that "solar light," her face would be  
marked rather by the absence than by  
the presence of beauty.

And their testimonies — one grand  
key-note running through them all —  
"I have saved!" "I have saved!" "I  
have saved!" is the almost invariable preface;  
and salvation, with them, is no dim,  
shadowy, far-away thing, a passport  
to bliss hereafter, but, by no means nec-  
essary to life now. Salvation is simply  
salvation, as it means being saved here,  
saved from sin. My friend thus defines  
it: "I mean by salvation, not a release  
from future punishment, gratitude for  
which shall make a man half-way decent  
in the present, but such a deliverance  
from present sin as shall render it im-  
possible, according to the laws of the  
universe, that he shall be really mis-  
erable here or hereafter."

They preach hell, and preach it  
straight, but their General thus defines  
it: "Heaven begins where hell ends.  
Hell is sin. Sin is hell. The man who  
sins is in hell to-day. Some day he will  
know it." They talk and sing a great  
deal of the rapture of heaven, but they  
tell you simply, almost in the same  
breath, that they're living there now.  
"Heaven has begun for us," says the  
General. "Let us see to it, then, that  
we're as out-and-out for God here, as  
we shall be in Paradise."

May I give you another bit from the  
"General's" words, spoken to officers in  
a secret meeting, and forwarded to me  
by my friend: "The Salvation Army  
is so simple. It is just 'Follow Jesus.'  
Follow close, that you do not lose sight  
of Him. Follow till you have formed  
a habit, and the Christ-life is as natural  
as the self-life. Following means hav-  
ing the spirit of Christ. Men pos-  
sessed of devils were men who dealt  
with themselves and each other in a devil-  
ish way. A man possessed with the  
spirit of Christ deals with himself and  
others in a Christ-way — he is a Christ-  
man."

One sister summed it all up the other  
night in a very brief testimony. She  
said she had tried the world, and it had  
given her no rest; then she had tried  
"religion," but now, God be praised!  
she had salvation! There is a difference  
between "religion" and "salvation,"  
and Jesus came into this world not to  
make men more religious — the Jews  
were the most religious people on earth  
— but to save.

"But their methods," you say. Un-  
derstand them, and they cease to be ob-  
jectionable. They use them simply as  
an advertising medium of Christ and  
His salvation. They have become fools  
for Christ's sake — these people — as  
verily as ever Paul did. They make a

spectacle of themselves before men and  
angels, that they may win souls, and  
their methods work, too. "No virtue  
in a band," you say. No, and we con-  
fess it grates harshly on a refined ear;  
but hundred upon hundreds testify to-  
day that the band first drew them into  
the meeting where they found Christ.

"Christianity does not consist in be-  
ing eccentric — in wearing a red uni-  
form and swinging tamborines." No;  
they would tell you so very plainly; but  
they wear the uniform, that their very  
dress may tell for Christ; they swing  
the tamborine and beat the bass-drum,  
that they may gain the attention of  
those over whom a pipe organ would  
wield no spell.

"Worth while?" Well; those who  
have been saved think so. Remember  
that the Salvation Army is dealing par-  
ticularly, in a hand-to-hand contest, with  
the question which the church spasmodi-  
cally is treating theoretically — "How  
shall we reach the masses?" And they  
have found that the only way is to go  
down, down, down.

Wait for them to come into the church  
to hear the Gospel? No; carry the  
Gospel to them, down into their slums,  
and carry it in such a way that their  
curiosity may be awakened, that so they  
may hear. Remember the class of peo-  
ple they are trying to reach — the  
drunkard, the gambler, the poor lost  
woman, people who have not been inside  
a church for twenty, thirty, forty years.  
Can refined methods reach them? "We  
are the scavengers of the church," says  
Major Smith, "the sewer cleaners;" and  
they are cleaning the sewers, too, thank  
God! Shall we quarrel with the method  
of their work, who are not doing it?  
"I'd wear a ballet-dancer's dress," says  
one, "to bring them in." "I thank God,"  
said Capt. Shirley, "that I'm saved enough  
to play a little when I don't know how."  
And then she drew an imitable picture of  
herself in a street procession in Lawrence  
"playing" on a violin, without know-  
ing how to strike a chord. But men  
followed that procession into the bar-  
racks and were "saved." It means  
something — that d. p. of consecration  
when we are willing to make ourselves  
ridiculous that we may reach others!  
And they are by no means bound to their  
methods. In Switzerland they wear no  
uniform, have no bands, no street pro-  
cessions, a thing that marks them as  
especially "eccentric," because they  
find that they can reach the people better  
without those accessories; they use them  
here for the same reason, and that they  
use them to some purpose, their steady-  
ly increasing ranks proclaim.

Their converts hold out, too, in a mar-  
velously large proportion. They watch  
over their soldiers — differing in that  
from us, alas! with whom the relative  
value of a soul seems to decrease the  
moment it comes within the pale of the  
church. We compass sea and land to  
make one convert; when made, we let  
him alone! Not so the Salvation Ar-  
my. The rough who jere to-day may  
be saved to-night. Being saved, to-  
morrow finds him on their platform  
saving others, and thus out of defeat  
they organize victory.

But their converts have something to  
do beside "speaking in meeting." It is  
a most rigid morality that they enforce.  
Their soldiers must abstain, not liquor  
alone, but tobacco. Imagine the aver-  
age church subjected to that test! They  
teach a most uncompromising honesty.  
Capt. Jack told us of a visit to the home  
of a saved drunkard. With a charming  
navee he drew the picture of the wife's  
delight in her new home com-  
forts; how she made him sit down to the  
clean dinner-table and then drew  
him into the "bit of a parlor" to see  
the new carpet and chairs. "But I  
said, 'Se here, what about those back  
room bills?' and then she explained how  
her husband divided his weekly pay into  
four parts. One came to her for home  
comforts, one went to the back rent,  
one to old store bills, and the fourth to  
pay his old run bills." I was a new  
glimpse of honesty to me — that a saved  
man should feel bound to pay for his  
past ruin! But it was right; and just  
such a stiff-backed right they teach!

I wish I could tell you of the mir-  
acles God, through this Army, has  
wrought — souls taken from the very  
depths of sin and made pure and clean,  
and human hearts transformed into  
men and women; but time and space  
will not permit. You can read of them  
in their publications, you can see them  
in any corps. Go and see for yourselves.  
They sing a chorus often to the tune of  
the "Sweet By and By." As I listened  
to them the other night, their words  
became a sure, grand prophecy: "I be-  
lieve we shall win, for we fight in the  
strength of our King;" then, as if their  
faith were gathering volume with the  
resistless wave of song, sounded forth,  
clear and strong —

"I am sure we shall win,  
For we fight in the strength of our King."  
"Amen!" my heart responded, "so am  
I. He must reign till He hath put all  
things under His feet." "The world  
for Christ!" It is a glorious motto.  
Shall the Salvation Army hold it alone?  
It is ours, too, as well; but while we hold  
it passively, unbelievably, they hold it  
actively, believably.

Bishop Foster asks New England  
Methodism, "Are you satisfied?" Some  
day a greater than he will ask that  
question, and in that day propriety will  
not weigh against souls.

"GLORY" STONER AND BISHOP  
WILEY.

BY CHAPLAIN C. C. MCCABE.

Many years ago, a young girl was  
converted to God in Lewistown, Penn.  
Her religious experience was sweet  
and powerful. She prayed much,  
lived near to God, and when she listened  
to the word preached, often, though  
young and timid, she would shout,  
"Glory! Glory to God!" She was  
called Glory Stoner. The word was so  
constantly on her lips, that even the  
little boys in the street, as she passed

along, would shout after her, "There  
goes Glory Stoner."

It was my blessed privilege to stand  
by her dying bed. Her pastor, Bro.  
Sears, of the Central Pennsylvania Con-  
ference, took me to look upon the won-  
derful scene. Knowing that she was in  
some way connected with the spiritual  
history of Bishop Wiley, I asked her  
to tell me about it. She said she saw a  
little boy come up to the door of the  
church one day, and look timidly in  
while the school was in session. She  
ran out after him, and persuaded him to  
enter and join her class. A revival  
swept through the church when this  
boy was ten years old, and he was  
among the converts. His faithful  
teacher led him to the "mourner's  
bench," where, as the Bishop after-  
ward said, "she prayed with me until  
I felt a new light in my heart. . . . I do  
not know whether it was conversion or  
not. I know I loved God and His peo-  
ple and all His works, and could not  
remember when I did not." Glory  
Stoner should ever him. And well she  
might, for she had brought a soul to  
Jesus who was to be a mighty preacher,  
a great leader, and one of the most  
skillful Bishops who was ever elected to  
fill that office.

Sunday-school teachers, be on the  
lookout for souls! Keep near to God.  
Covet the gifts of power that will en-  
able you to lead your scholars to Christ.  
If a weight of glory comes to you — as  
very likely it will — a blessing pressed  
down, shaken together and running  
over, so that your lips are open and you  
praise God as Glory Stoner did, let  
it be so. Work on, pray on, shout  
on! Be keen of eye to see the path of  
duty, and swift of foot to run upon the  
errands of your Lord. The disciple  
is not above his Lord. He came to  
seek and to save. Ob, be diligent! The  
time is short. Win souls. Cultivate  
the holy passion of winning souls. Do  
not be satisfied with merely interesting  
your class. That is a little thing. You  
have accomplished but little when you  
have done that. Rest not until they are  
all in conscious communion with Jesus.

As I stood by Mother Stoner that day,  
she said, "Slug!" We struck up, "Let  
me go, 'tis Jesus calls me." She heard  
His voice far beyond the darkness of  
the valley of death; she heard her Shep-  
herd's voice, and she knew it. "Glory!"  
she shouted, with lips that were quiver-  
ing with physical pain. "Glory! Glory  
to God!"

The other day she welcomed Bishop  
Wiley home to heaven. He came by  
the way of China. It would seem  
almost as if he made a pilgrimage to  
Fochow to die. God said to Moses,  
"Get thee up into Pisgah and die there."  
It may be some such message  
came to Bishop Wiley's heart. He told  
the North China Conference that it  
might be God would permit him to lay  
down his life where he began his mis-  
sionary labors thirty-four years ago.  
Myriads welcomed him to heaven, but  
amid all the mighty throng was there a  
happier spirit than Glory Stoner, his  
Sabbath-school teacher of more than  
fifty years ago?

## THE CHURCH CLOCK.

Down in the moonlight in the shade  
Of the deserted street  
I stood with weary thoughts  
And very weary feet.

When I saw and saw I heard a great  
heart's solemn beat.

The great, strong heart of Time!  
Up at the steep e-t-p  
I listened as he moved and moved  
With muffled drum and knock,  
Fill a meditation fill in the beating of the  
clock.

"My soul! my soul!" it said,  
"I am no dull machine!  
Behind me is Eternity  
And Mystery between."

The subtle force that makes me move throbs  
in the dark Universe.

"Behind all springs and wheels,  
Behind all human skill,  
Far back up in His veiled throne,  
 Jehovah rules the world,  
And in this dull material leaves me to do His  
will."

"When the last trumpet shall sound,  
And stars fall from the sky,  
This life is over and my great heart  
Low in the dust shall lie;  
But I, set free from springs and wheels, out  
from the wreck shall fly."

It was as though the clock  
Had spoke those words to me.  
I had not even wished for faith,  
So deep my misery;  
But the strong witness of the Lord told of  
Eternity.

Oh! all the glory of the world  
But years for me to be; for I  
In fire and blood, in stone and steel,  
The prisoners wait for wings.  
Who are creation's groans now; but  
Heaven sees and sings.

— ELIZABETH H. FENN, in Independent.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH SIMP-  
KINS.

BY AUNT KATE.

The little girl who wore this long  
name, was born in a Southern town, as  
she used to say, "in de war time." Her  
skin was black and glossy like papa's;  
boots on Sunday morning, and as  
smooth and soft to the touch as the  
finest satin. Many a fine lady might  
envy her the quality, if not the color, of  
it.

Well for us all if we would always  
remember that the same loving hand  
fashioned His children, black and white,  
and that our Heavenly Father is too wise  
and kind to love one child better than  
another on account of difference in  
their features or complexions.

Is it not strange that girls and boys  
who have been taught by loving mothers  
never to torture insects, or to cruelly  
treat dumb animals, who are full of pity  
and ready to help any one in trouble,  
will sometimes, perhaps thoughtlessly,  
injure the feelings of some sensitive,  
poorly-dressed boy or girl in the week-  
day or Sunday-school — especially when  
a clean, neatly-dressed, bright-eyed  
little black boy or girl comes into the  
class? Haven't you seen a whole class  
smile, and make lots of room for such  
an one? How far older ones may be  
to blame for this, we do not know.  
God knows. But every child may find  
in the words and life of Jesus a sure  
guide to go by.

When I first saw little Charlotte  
Elizabeth she was about five years old.  
Small for her age, and dressed in white,  
she reminded me of an ebony doll. Her  
mother and grandmother worked hard,  
washing and ironing every day in the  
week except Sunday, and kept Char-  
lotte clean and spotless. She never  
seemed to play like other children, and  
kept her plain cotton frock, as she  
called it, with dainty care.

One Monday morning she rapped  
softly at my door, and came in, wear-  
ing a sober face.

"Well, Charlotte, are you ready for  
school?"

"Yes, Miss Kate, I is; but I seen  
trouble dis mornin'. My ma done whip  
me, and she did for true."

"Why, what did you do, Charlotte?"

"Well, I take de bluein' bottle to my  
gramma's house, an' it been jes like de  
small sweet bottle on your table, so I  
put him all on my frock, like I seen  
you put him on de hankercher, and I  
clar de troof, he done spoil my frock.  
And den my ma do her duty to me; yes,  
she did!"

There was no trace of anger in her  
words or actions, and I felt a little re-  
morse as I looked at the blue cottage  
bottle, and thought of the mischief it  
had wrought. It puzzled her a little to  
know "how de blue could be in de  
bottle, and no into it;" and with a  
little sigh she added, "Well, one is de  
blue bottle, and one is de blue in bot-  
tle."

At another time she had the misfor-  
tune to tear her dress, and in speaking  
of it, said, "Wen I live old missus,  
she make me say five haly Marys for  
it."

"Say what, Charlotte?"

"Why, go in de corner and say haly  
Mary, haly Mary." [Hail thee, Mary,  
holy Mary!]

"Do you think it did any good?"

"Oh, yes; but it do a heap more  
good to pray to Jesus, coz He's bigger."

"What do you know about Mary and  
about Jesus? Can you tell me?"

"Oh, yes, I know a heap about 'em.  
I know 'bout Jesus den I does 'bout  
Mary, coz de Bible tell 'bout Him, and  
de singin' pieces does too."

"But you can't read the Bible?"

"Well, plenty people kin read him.  
White folks read him fise, and de preach-  
er-man read him, an' my gramma kin  
read a long piece in de Bible, and I kin  
read one piece, Miss Kate. 'Suffer little  
children to come unto Me, an for-  
bid dem not.' I do know de res' yet."

"Well, dear, that little piece don't  
say Jesus, does it?"

"Oh, well, it all means Jesus, coz He  
say so."

So she told me the story of Jesus in  
her quaint, simple way. She knew the  
old story better than many wiser  
ones. Her Jesus, who lived and died,  
and "rose to heaven," was her dearest  
friend, and she loved to pray or talk  
to Him, and sing to Him too, she said.  
Many a lesson she taught me of faith  
and trust, for truly she was taught of  
God.

One day she found me lying on the  
sofa, very weary, almost discouraged,  
not at all happy; and looking earnestly  
at me, she said —

"Is you tired, Miss Kate?"

"Yes, I am, very."

"I better go home, eh?" (pronounce  
broad.)

"You may stay if you will be quiet  
while I rest."

"Dem children so bad in school, eh?"  
Then sofly to herself, "Now while  
Miss Kate res'in I gwine tell Jesus  
'bout dem chillern, an' wen Miss Kate  
wake up she say, 'Where all dat tired  
guen?' and when to-morrow day come,  
please God, she say, 'Ain't dem chillern  
been good to-day!'"

So in a corner she knelt and prayed  
so sofly that none but God could hear,  
and her repentant heart cried: "Father,  
give me the faith of this little child, and  
let me lean harder on Thee!"

If an hour later my eyes opened  
upon Charlotte, sitting on the floor  
beside me, her sweet voice singing,  
"Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells  
me so." Some of the verses she com-  
posed, and they were rather amusing,  
but the chorus rang out over and over  
again, "Yes, Jesus loves me."

"Is you rested now, Miss Kate?"  
with a little sigh of relief.

"Yes, indeed, Charlotte, you have  
been my good angel. What can I do  
for you?"

"Well, Miss Kate, my dolly wants a  
new frock, wid a frill on de tail of it,  
but dat ain't me, eh, Miss Kate?"

"What pleasures dolly will please you,  
so we will find something to make her a  
frock out of, and one of those picture  
cards with the hymn on it will please you."

"Oh, my, yes! I spec it's too much  
for a black chile like me, but I know'd  
Jesus would gie me a frock for dolly,  
coz I axed Him yesterday mornin',  
when ma tell me she ain't got time to  
make dolly-frocks."

Happy, trusting little Charlotte!  
Would that all our boys and girls knew  
about Jesus as she did! Some of us  
read and hear much about Him, but we  
do not love and trust Him as this little  
black girl did. O fair-faced child of the  
North, may God keep your heart as  
pure, and wash your soul as white, as  
hers!

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

"You must come and see me, my  
dear," said a lady to a little girl of her ac-  
quaintance. "Do you know my number?"  
"Oh yes, ma'am," responded the innocent  
child. "Papa says you always live at sixes  
and sevens."

At a college examination a professor  
asked: "Does my question embarrass you?"  
"Not at all, sir," replied the student. "Not  
at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer  
that bothers me."

Young lady, teaching Sunday-school  
class — "And who comes after Esther?"  
(Pause.) "Is it Job?" Pupil — "No, miss;  
it's Billy Piper's big brother. I see him every  
Sunday."

Master: "Well, Susan, did you mail  
my letter as I told you?" Faithful servant:  
"Yes, sir, but I had it weighed first; and  
as it was double weight, I put on another  
stamp." Master: "Good girl. Only I hope

you didn't put it on so as to obliterate the  
address." Faithful servant: "Oh, no, in-  
deed, sir. I just stuck it on top of the other  
stamp, so as to save room."

Josh Billings was asked, "How fast  
does sound travel?" His idea is that it  
depends a good deal upon the noise you are  
talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn,







## The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, January 20.  
Failure of Richard Worthington, the New York publisher.

Termination of the strike of the brakemen of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne &amp; Chicago railroad against the "double-header" system of running freight trains.

Property worth \$30,000 destroyed by the recent earthquake in Malaga, Spain.

Large attendance at the funeral of Edmond About, the distinguished author, in Paris.

Some uneasiness felt in regard to the condition of the Emperor William, who is confined to his bed by illness.

Refusal of Egypt to cede to Italy the town of Matruh, on the Red Sea coast.

Congress. — Nearly the entire session of the Senate was occupied in pronouncing eulogies on the death of the late Senator Anthony of Rhode Island. A large number of bills were introduced in the House, and a motion to suspend the rules and pass the Senate bill to establish and regulate consular courts of the United States in foreign countries, was lost.

Wednesday, January 21.  
Nomination, by the President, of Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Massachusetts for commissioner of the bureau of labor statistics.

Many villages in the highlands of Piedmont and Savoy devastated by avalanches.

Discussion, at length, of the Egyptian question by the British cabinet.

Congress. — The Senate, yesterday, passed the bill relative to the inspector general's department of the army, and further considered the interstate commerce bill. No action was reached. The House was occupied in discussing the Indian appropriation bill, and in pronouncing eulogies in memory of the late Congressman Evans of South Carolina.

Thursday, January 22.  
Beginning of the march of Gen. Hatch's command against the Oklahoma Indians.

Gen. Augur instructed by the War Department to re-enforce the General as soon as possible.

Eighteen hundred cases of satinet sold at a peremptory auction sale of woolen goods in New York.

Arrival, in this city, of the two replicas of the bust of the post Longfellow in Westminster Abbey — gifts of the Prince of Wales.

Occurrence of a severe earthquake between the British troops under Gen. Stewart and a portion of El Mahdi's forces, near the Abuk-Klea wells, about twenty-three miles from Metemeh. The rebel loss in killed placed at 800, the wounded probably far exceeding that number. British loss, 74 killed and 94 wounded. The celebrated Col. Burnaby among the killed.

The stockholders of the Montreal, Portland &amp; Boston Railroad Company restrained by an injunction from holding a meeting at Montreal.

The loss of life by the recent avalanches in Italy reported to be very large.

Rear Admiral Ricœur appointed to the command of a naval division under Admiral Courbet, the commander of the French squadron in Chinese waters.

Congress. — The Senate yesterday discussed the bill for the establishment of a United States court of appeals, and also the interstate commerce bill. Resolutions were pronounced on the death of the late Congressman Evans of South Carolina. A bill was reported in the House authorizing the establishment of export tobacco manufacturers. The agricultural appropriation bill was reported. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed at length. The balance of the session was occupied in pronouncing eulogies on the death of Senator Anthony.

Friday, January 23.  
Property valued at \$500,000 disposed of by the will of the late Schuyler Colfax. No public bequests made.

Settlement of the troubles of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church of New York; Dr. Newman resigning, and absolving the congregation from the payment of his salary, amounting to \$6,000.

The five years' extension of time asked for by the embarrassed firm of Oliver Bros. and Phillips, of Pittsburgh, Penn., granted by the creditors.

A Republican mayor chosen in Wheeling, W. Va. — the first time in twenty years.

Dedication of a Presbyterian Church in Rome, Italy.

Congress. — The Oklahoma Indian lands question was discussed at considerable length in the Senate yesterday. During the executive session the nomination of Col. Carroll D. Wright to be commissioner of the bureau of labor statistics was confirmed. The House session was devoted to the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill, which was finally passed.

Saturday, January 24.  
The old Liberty Bell taken from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and sent by special train to the New Orleans Exposition.

Occurrence of a panic at Port Deposit, Md., the water from the Susquehanna River submerging the lower section of the city.

Intense anxiety prevalent in London concerning the fate of Gen. Stewart and his forces, private dispatches having been received that he had been surrounded by the Mahdi's forces. The report not confirmed, however.

Dispersion of a band of Cambodian insurgents by the French troops, twenty of their number being killed during the engagement.

The Right Rev. Frederick Temple, bishop of Exeter, appointed bishop of London.

The Odor and Elbe rivers closed by ice against navigation by sailing vessels.

Continued re-ception of reports of devastation and death caused by the avalanches in the Piedmont Alps.

Congress. — The Senate yesterday further debated the Vest and Plumb resolutions regarding the Oklahoma Indian lands, finally referring both to the committee on Indian affairs. In the House a resolution directing the judiciary committee to inquire whether the constitutional prerogatives of that body had not been invaded by the Senate in originating such a measure as the Blair educational bill, was, after a protracted debate, laid on the table. At the evening session 46 pension bills were passed.

Monday, January 26.  
Three serious dynamite explosions in London — two at the houses of Parliament and one at the Tower — on Saturday. Great damage to property and person. Intense excitement in the city.

Loss of the schooner "Carl W. Baxter." The captain and crew (with one exception) brought safely into Gloucester by the "Henry W. Longfellow."

Occurrence, on Saturday, of the funeral of Dr. William H. Channing, in the Arlington Street Church, this city; his remains arriving from England on the "Samarita."

No definite intelligence concerning General Stewart since the battle at Abuk-Klea wells.

Congress. — In the Senate on Saturday, Mr. Edmunds introduced a bill, which was referred to the committee on the judiciary, relative to the punishment of persons concerned in dynamite plots. The Nicaragua treaty was further discussed in the executive session. The House passed the agricultural appropriation bill.

It would be difficult to pass through School Street and not notice the display of elegant lap robes and woolen cloths in the spacious windows of Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 School Street. This firm make a specialty of the best custom work, and hence all their cloths are of the choicest grades. We are glad to recognize, as one of the leading men of this house, a good Methodist brother, Mr. C. G. Church, of Roxbury. Mr. Beal, by his courteous demeanor and square dealing, has won the respect and confidence of a large circle of acquaintances and friends. All in want of goods in his line will find it for their advantage to make him a call.

The English tide calendars introduced several years ago by Jones, McDuffee & Stratton appear to be generally well known in the earlier stages. One who recognizes in his own system, or who has friends or relatives with any of the symptoms so accurately described, should find a statement of the case to Mr. Childs. There may be hope even in the very desperate cases.

The discovery of this cure for Catarrh and diseases of the Throat and Lungs, has attracted great attention. Leading men everywhere publicly state that Childs' treatment has cured them or their families of Catarrh of Throat or Lung difficulties — among them, physicians, lawyers, men of business, bankers and business men. All who have personally investigated the facts, are satisfied that Mr. Childs has discovered a certain, positive and permanent cure for these diseases, that when properly used never fails even in the most desperate cases.

Childs' cure is generally in gaining a foothold in the system, and attacks so many parts of the body that it can not be cured by any one remedy or by a single application. It requires remedies that will meet the disease wherever it is located, and fight back inch by inch a complete victory has been obtained. Rev. T. P. Childs has treated and cured thousands at their own homes, never having seen them. In a thoroughly honorable and characteristic manner he publishes the names and addresses of some he has cured, that any who desire may inquire of the patients themselves what Childs' treatment has done for them.

None need feel any hesitancy in placing their case in Mr. Childs' hands for treatment. We would call special attention to the advertisement, and request a careful perusal of the facts as set forth.

Many who do not receive our paper would doubtless be very thankful, should our readers call the attention of such to the advertisement of Mr. Childs. Catarrh and Consumption are the twin enemies of the race, and any means of relief is a heavenly blessing. Childs' treatment may be relied on as an effective and certain cure for Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and you may recommend it to your friends with every confidence.

The new Upright Pianos of Mason & Hamlin are highly praised by good judges. They possess a refinement of musical tone which charms the connoisseur and all who hear it. It is owing largely to the new system of their construction. The great experience of Mason & Hamlin in their organ business, with the aid of their large corps of superior musical and mechanical experts, has enabled them, in their new and expensive experiments, to produce a piano which holds far to the more for their reputation than even their famous organs have accomplished. Their chief improvement consists in securing the strings by metallic footings, instead of pins held by friction, which renders it easy to put the three strings of each tone exactly in unison, and thereby produce tones of wonderful sweetness and purity. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have made 150,000 cabinet organs, but can hardly hope to reach this number of pianos, but we do not think any one who has seen and heard a fine Mason & Hamlin will command a very large sale — Boston Traveller.

Among the life insurance companies in this country, the Connecticut General of Hartford, whose Twentieth Annual Statement in condensed form is published in another column of this paper, has the reputation among those best acquainted with the condition and management of being one of the strongest and best. Its assets in ratio to liabilities is ample enough to inspire the fullest confidence in its policyholders. The Hartford Post says of this company, that, "The history of the Company is one of ability, solidity, and the policy of its management has been to do a safe business, in creating it by means approved by prudent and conservative men." We believe the Company entitled to the fullest confidence of those seeking insurance upon their lives.

THE RAYMOND AND WHITCOMB EXCURSION TO NEW ORLEANS. — A grand excursion to New Orleans and the World's Exposition has been planned by Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb and is proving very popular. Between Boston and St. Louis the journey will be made in a special train of Pullman cars, and the remainder of the trip will be made in a fine steamer of the St. Louis and New Orleans Anchor Line, on board of which the party will stop while at New Orleans. Full details of the trip may be learned from a circular, which will be sent by Col. Walter Raymond, 240 Washington Street, upon application. — Boston Journal.

The glory of woman is a beautiful head of hair — her very crown. Parker's Hair Balm excels in producing it. Only 50 cents.

Housekeepers who have been aggravated by a crooked dust pan will be delighted with the patent steel dust pan, now being introduced. They should see it, and they will outwear a dozen of the old style. Ask for them.

We call special attention of our readers to the advertisement of the New England Conservatory. This institution is offering rare opportunities for the study of Music, Art, Oratory, Languages, English Branches and Physical Culture at moderate expense. Send for illustrated circular to Prof. E. Trench, Franklin Square, Boston.

"HEAVEN." — The volume bearing the above title may fairly be designated a remarkable book. It deals with a subject that appeals at once to the noblest aspirations and hopes, and the most sacred and precious of all classes of people. The work is unique. The very conception of it is highly creditable to the mind which gave it birth. It is especially valuable because containing the expression of many minds instead of one. Works on heaven are not numerous, but they do not compare the diversity, the many-sidedness, and therefore the completeness and popular adaptation of the one before us. — Golden Rule.

That Tired Feeling  
The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," which seems to make one feel as if he were entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." — S. F. STROUT, Kent, Ohio.

Strengthen the System  
Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my intellect, and seems to make me over." — J. L. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." — J. B. HARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

20 Years of Agony  
Ended. The Outraged Remedies  
Triumphant.

THAT BEING afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended, until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter.

In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything almost that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a doctor living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All about I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to be Cracked from the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet, badly swollen, toads like, dry, of finger nails dead and hard as bone, head, dry, and lifeless as old straw. — Oh, my God! how I did suffer.

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